EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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THE YOUNG MUSICIANS.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING,
AND DAY'S AT THE MORN;
MORNING'S AT SEVEN;
THE HILLSIDE'S DEW-PEARLED;

THE LARK'S ON THE WING;
THE SNAIL'S ON THE THORN:
GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN—
ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.

"PIPPA'S SONG," BY ROBERT BROWNING.

THE TWO CAKES.

Translated and abridged from the French for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY by KATHARINE HAGAR.

"THEY are late in coming," said Matilda, running to look out of the window.

"Oh," said her elder sister, "they always linger on the road; they get to quarrelling, and we have to wait for them."

"Are you so impatient to see your brothers?" asked the grandmother, looking kindly at the girl.

"I think Matilda is more impatient to taste the good things," Julia answered.

"And you don't care for them?" said the younger sister, glancing at a table in the corner.

At that moment the door opened, and two boys, ten and twelve years old, rushed into the room.

"Good-morning, Grandma," Louis called out, as he threw his cap on the nearest chair.

"Good-morning," his brother repeated, putting his hand in the one that was kindly stretched out to greet him.

"Can I have something to eat?" Louis asked, as he went to the sideboard, on which some pears and grapes were placed.

"You are in a great hurry," said the elder brother in a dictatorial manner.

"You are in just as great a hurry as I am," Louis retorted, "but you pretend to be wise. Come on, we know you!"

"It seems to me, my dear children, that there is no harm in being delighted over this little repast, but is there not some harm in quarrelling and making sharp speeches as you are doing?"

"It is because, Grandmother, Edward always pretends to be good, and he really — "

"I do not ask you what your brother really is, but I wish you would look at your own heart rather than at his."

Louis looked down, while Matilda drew near her grandmother's easy chair, saying, "May I take a pear?"

"Yes, and cakes also," answered the old lady.

"I will distribute them," Edward said; "I am the oldest."

"Each one should help himself," answered his brother, putting one hand on a pear, another on a cake.

"Yes, and pick out the largest, as you always do," Julia muttered, in her turn helping herself to what she thought best.

"My cake is smaller than any of the others," said Matilda in a sorrowful tone.

"And I have the greenest pear," the younger brother added, "and so I must make it up by taking the last on the plate." And as he spoke he took possession of a second pear.

"Now you have more than we have; that is n't fair," cried Julia.

Matilda said, "Let us divide without him the two cakes that are left."

"That is a good idea," answered Edward, putting his hand on the plate, "I will make a just division;" and taking a little knife from his pocket, he divided each cake into three parts, while his sisters watched this delicate performance with anxious eyes, and each took her portion.

"And this is the way you take what ought to come to me," exclaimed the younger brother.

"But you took one pear the more."

"That was nothing; pears are not cakes."

"You have nothing to find fault about," Edward answered; "you have eaten the last pear alone, we will eat the cakes without yonr help. This is only justice; is not that right, Grandmo'her?"

"A little less justice and a little more generosity," said the grandmother, sighing, for she had remained silent and sad during all their discussion.

Louis said in a surly tone, "Oh, yes, generosity! — they have a great deal!"

"At all events, you have n't any to spare them," said the grandmother.

"So much the worse," muttered the young boy, shrugging his shoulders in a disappointed manner.

"Alas! my poor children," the grandmother said sadly, "if you dispute so much about trifles, what will you do when things of some importance are in question?"

Julia, who was beginning to feel repentant, answered, "But then we shall be grown up, and reasonable."

"No one ever suddenly becomes reasonable," replied the grandmother. "If you do not struggle with your faults while you are young, they will grow with you."

"But, dear Grandmother, it is not a dreadful fault to love cakes and candy," said little Matilda, in a coaxing tone.

"No, it is a very natural taste; but when it is carried to greediness, and even to gluttony, it is a fault, and it often begets others."

"What faults, please tell us?"

"Selfishness, when we like to feast alone, or at the expense of others; the spirit of strife, when we demand our portion, — perhaps in all justice, but snappishly. The brothers and sisters who in their youth dispute about a cake, will quarrel later in life when a fortune is to be divided."

And the good grandmother told the children a story of her own youth, about her selfishness in hiding herself from her friend Sophy B—— to eat a cake which had been given to her by her mother to divide between them, and how her conscience pricked her when this same friend brought a cake and gave her half of it; and then she continued with an account of her happiness in being able, months afterward, to give a great pleasure to Sophy.

"I received an invitation from Emma R—— which pleased me very much, for we were always happy at her house, as her papa could invent all sorts of games for us. The room was full that evening, and although I was the youngest, I certainly was not the one who had the least pleasure or made the least noise. We played round games, then blindman's buff; finally we went into the dining-room, where a delicious supper was served.

"When we returned to the parlor, to our great surprise the chandelier in the centre of the room had disappeared, and in its place, held by a cord from the ceiling, hung a kind of urn of coarsest earthenware. We looked in the utmost astonishment at one another, when Emma's father said, laughing, 'Here is a new kind of luminary; does its light please you?'

"'No, no, do bring back the wax candles of the chandelier,' we exclaimed.

"'If you knew the contents of this urn, perhaps you would not be in such haste to banish it from the parlor.'

"'Oh! there is something inside,' said one.

"'And what is it?' asked the next.

"'I should like to open it,' cried a third.

"Mr. R—— answered, 'You cannot open it, but you can break it.'

"'How can we break it? It is hung so high we cannot reach it.'

"'I will show you how to do it; but first we must choose your names by lot.'

"A basket containing as many cards as there were young girls present was brought, and as I was the youngest I was told to take out, one by one, the cards on which our names were written. How delighted I should have been had mine been the first! But I had already called out seven of my companions' names when mine appeared before my eyes, and like those preceding it, Mr. R—— wrote it on a list with the number belonging to it; and when twenty-two had been taken out of the basket, he called for the girl whose card I had drawn out first. He carefully blindfolded her eyes, put a long stick in her hands, and placed her in the middle of the circle which we formed about the centre of the room, saying to her, 'Try to reach the urn, and break it with this stick; you can have three blows.'

"The three blows were struck in the air; and Madeline, much disappointed, tore the bandage off her eyes, and said, 'Put it on another!'

"The next girl, or rather girls, did not succeed any better; and when my turn came, my heart beat violently, and my hands trembled while seizing the stick, which I was convinced would break in pieces the mysterious vase. Alas! I did not succeed any better than my predecessors, and the burst of laughter which accompanied my unlucky efforts irritated me, — as though the awkwardness of my companions had not also excited my mirth. I had at least a selfish satisfaction in seeing the four or five who followed me fail as I did; but at each new effort the general curiosity kept increasing, and we repeated that the urn was bewitched and that not one of us would succeed in hitting it, when Emma, her eyes as well blinded as ours, stepped forward with a resolute air, and struck a blow which hit the cord and made the vase swing backward and forward.

"'You are warm, you are burning!' we all shouted; 'Stay there, do not stir!' Emma struck the second blow; it was followed by a noise of broken crockery, and a rain of red and white sugar-plums fell on our extended hands, or our heads.

"But what was this object, which, instead of falling like the candy, rose above us? It was a pretty canary; frightened at finding itself mixed with these sweet projectiles, it shook its wings, rose up to the ceiling, and finding no outlet, sank down in the darkest corner of the drawing-room. I had not lost sight of it, and leaving my companions to rush for the sugar-plums that strewed the floor, I hastened to the corner where the poor frightened bird was nestling close to the wall. To seize it and cry out, 'I have it! I have it! it is mine!' was the work of a minute. Then all the young girls, abandoning the hunt for the candy, surrounded me, saying, 'Let us see, show it to us! How pretty it is! How fortunate Susanna is! You are going to let it escape, your hand is too small to keep it.'

"It held it well and good, this hand, while the other caressed it. Already I pictured my captive in a pretty cage, hanging in my room, and provided with chickweed that I would gather for it. I only asked myself how I should carry it home without letting it fly away. 'I will ask Emma for a little basket,' I thought, when Sophy B——, while the rest of the girls returned to the hunt for the sugar-plums, came to me, saying, —

"'Do show me your bird; it looks like the one I loved so much, and which died last winter.'

"Hearing these words, uttered in a tone expressing regret, I impulsively put my canary into Sophy's hand.

"'Does it give you pleasure?' I said to her. 'Keep it. I give it to you.'

"'Really,' opening wide her eyes, in which I saw tears shining, 'you are good enough for this? Oh, how happy you make me! I have regretted my poor Mimi so much.'

"'I am well satisfied,' I answered, and I ran to pick up some sugar-plums that had rolled under the furniture, for if I had remained near Sophy I believe I should have been tempted to take the bird again, — or rather I should have burst into tears."

"Did you regret having given it to her?" Julia asked.

"Yes, and no. I was glad to have made Sophy happy, and to have been in my turn generous to her. I said to myself, 'I certainly would not have given it to any other friend;' then my heart whispered, 'You were very quick to give it away, such a pretty bird; it is much more than a bit of cake.' But it was done, and I felt happier when several of my friends came to me, saying, 'You have given away your canary; if it had been mine, I would have kept it. Do you love Sophy so much?'

"While these exclamations stunned me, Sophy went home very happy, carrying tenderly her little treasure; and I returned less joyful to my aunt's home, but very eager to tell her the story of the canary."

"You did not tell her so quickly when you ate the cake," said Louis, with a malicious laugh.

"My child, are we not always inclined to boast of our good actions, and to conceal our bad ones?"

"And what did your aunt say?" Matilda asked.

"She embraced me as she always did when she was pleased with me, and said, 'I am very glad that you did not yield to your selfish desire to keep your bird; you will enjoy much more thinking of the pleasure that you have given Sophy.'

"These last words restored my good spirits. 'I was selfish,' I said, 'the day I hid myself and ate the cake; to-day I have been generous, — this makes up for that.'"

"And from that time you did not think again of the unfortunate cake?"

"I hoped it would be so, my child; but I had the experience that if the thought of our past errors aids us in conquering the fault in our characters, the remembrance of them does not disappear from our minds."

"Well," cried Matilda, "when I am old, I certainly will not remember all the foolish things I do now."

And her sister said, "But, Grandmother, it is very sad to think always of the wrong that we have done."

"Sad? yes, but useful; nothing helps us more to correct our faults and to conquer our bad inclinations, than the recollection of our weakness."

"It is as though we had run against a piece of furniture in a dark corner," said Edward; "the next time we pass it we pay attention, and walk slowly with our hands stretched out."

"Yes," the good grandmother answered, "we come at last to say with the Psalmist, 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.'"

ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION

How strange that we do not realize that the whole thing lies here in a nutshell! Never enter into temptation, never put your foot over the threshold, and you are safe; you may defy any wile or power, — your life is charmed. Once over that threshold, once take but a single wrong step, and you cannot be sure to what it will lead you. Temptation has a way of dragging men imperceptibly, by little and little, down into the deepest and foulest abyss. If you give it the least advantage, it is your master; only let it get a hold, and its clutch is as the clutch of death.

The old Romans had a wise saying, — "Resist beginnings." That is what you would do, if you felt the symptoms of disease, — you would send for the doctor, stay the sickness, at once. Will you be less wise, less prudent, when symptoms of soul-disease are evident? Jesus resisted beginnings, the entrance into temptation. The Devil got no hold upon him; he was safe. It made no odds what power of evil was brought to bear upon him; he would not *enter* temptation, so the tide and whirlpool of sin could not sweep him away.

Be as divinely wise. Never enter into temptation. Give it no vantage; meet, resist, overcome it at the outset, while it is a little thing. An infant could have strangled Goliath in his cradle, but an army fled before his manhood. Only be firm, — refuse to enter into temptation: you shall be temptation's lord. — *J. F. W. Ware.*

History and Biography.

MARY PICKARD WARE.

BY G. D P.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Among the many persons who were helped to a broader and happier life by the preaching of William Ellery Channing, was one young girl of fifteen, for whom her friends prophesied a brilliant future. She was quick and clever at her studies, and her day-dreams were of college life and literary work. A great ideal seemed to be before her toward which she would bend all her energies, and Fame sat on the height. Her name was Mary Pickard, and her home was in Boston, where she often had the opportunity of hearing the great preacher.

The years went by. The young girl became a woman. Her schoolmates had lost sight of her; her expectant friends had perhaps ceased even to remember what they had prophesied of her, and did not note that she was not among the rising literary celebrities. What had become of her? Was her life a failure, a disappointment?

It may have seemed so to *her* at times, but there were others who saw differently. The happy home in Boston, where she had been such a joyous girl, had been exchanged for a simpler one in the country, where she nursed her invalid father until his death. Her mother had died some years before, and in those intervening years she had been not only her father's comforter, but his business manager and partner. When her father died she was worn out, and her life seemed to her of no use. I dare say she felt it was too late to begin literary work, if she thought of it at all. What should she do? She had no relatives left in this country, and her heart turned naturally to her own people. Her father was an Englishman, and there were aunts and cousins on the other side of the great ocean. So to England she went, only to find more nursing to do, more sick persons to comfort and help. She was "fated to find trouble everywhere," she said. She was equally fated always to lighten the trouble she found.

After her visit to England, which seemed to bring her so little rest or pleasure, she returned to Boston, and busied herself there in various charities. Not long after this she married the Rev. Henry Ware, who was preaching in Boston at that time, and became a mother to his two children. It seemed then as if she was to be cared for and made happy. But all too soon sickness came again to her hearthstone. Her husband was obliged to resign his pulpit, and, later, he accepted a professorship at Cambridge, where his duties would not be so arduous. Soon even that was too much for his failing strength, and the family moved to a country house, where they lived with great economy and where the loved husband died. Six years later, the weary woman followed him, leaving in the hearts of all who had known her a void that could never be filled.

"Surely," said one of her sons, "God never gave a boy such a mother, nor a man such a friend!" Every one who had known her had something to tell of her special kindness, her warning or comforting or helpful words, her bravery and cheerfulness in great trouble. It seemed as though no one could say enough in praise of her. Her name became a household word in all New England Unitarian families, till to the younger generations Mary Ware was the name of a saint, even though one never heard what her life had been, or how her sainthood had been won.

Did she think her life would have been better spent if she had climbed the hill after that Fame her girlish dreams had pictured; that she would have left a nobler name if her life had been devoted to nurturing and training her own talents? She thought so little of herself that I dare say it never occurred to her to compare the two lives, — the life she had as a girl dreamed of living, and the one she had lived; and to us who have the legacy of her example there is no question.

How did she win her sainthood? By doing always the duty that lay nearest her, and doing it with all her strength. First, she was a faithful, loving, helpful daughter; then, as faithful, loving, and helpful a wife, mother, and friend. She did not seek her mission afar off, but found it in the needs of those around her. This sort of sainthood is possible to us all, and I am not sure it is not the best kind.

The Roman Catholic Church has its book of saints, which is full of tales of wonderful conversions, sudden renunciations of home ties for the monastic life, of lives of voluntary poverty and great self-denial; and these saints are worshipped by its devotees, and their lives aspired to. Let us, who profess a more rational faith, and love its great leader and expounder as she did whose whole life was influenced by his broad thought and his gentle spirit, cherish in our memories the life of one who was as truly a saint, and venerate the name of Mary Ware.

Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

Our Letter-Box.

We have to remind our young readers that this page of Every Other Sunday is *their* page, and that we expect them to help us to fill it. As we have received so few letters from our correspondents since the last number of the paper was printed, we have borrowed a few conundrums from one of the brightest of our exchanges, "The Morning Guide." Let us see how many of our readers can answer them.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When does a caterpillar improve in morals?
2. Why is a very old umbrella that has been lost as good as new when found?
3. If your coat is too large, what letter will be of most use to you?
4. What army officers are always found in cornfields?
5. What author could tell Shakspeare that he was a negro by simply repeating his own name?
6. What kind of dishes grow in the meadow?
7. When is the tide like a watch that has lost time?
8. If a baby in its cradle could speak, what geological information would it be likely to give?

Let our readers also try to fill out the blanks in these verses: —

Come, dear, let me show you a silvery f———,
'T is deep in the grove at the foot of the m———;
While others the size of their baskets are ———g,
With wild-flowers and columbines, we 'll not be———g;
But we 'll speed through the grove, my dear little daughter,
And gather pale flowerets that droop o'er the w———.
And when we reach home, and our wreaths we are twining,
I 'll tell the old tale of a youth's sad ———g,
And how he was changed to the ——'———.
But now we must haste, lest our party should m———.

ACROSTIC I.

1. A village of Galilee memorable for having been the scene of Christ's first miracle.
2. A city of Syria noted for being the seat of the first Gentile church founded by the Christians, and the place in which the followers of Jesus were first called by that name.
3. A town of Asia Minor in which was one of the early Christian churches.
4. The village to which two of the disciples were going after the crucifixion when Jesus appeared to them.
5. A large island in the Mediteranean Sea at which Saint Paul touched when returning to Syria from his third missionary journey.
6. A village of Galilee at the gate of which Jesus raised the widow's son from the dead.
7. The mountain on which the Ark is said to have rested when the waters of the deluge subsided.
8. The land from which Abraham emigrated to the land of Canaan.
9. The native country of Ruth.

Answer: A city of Palestine called by Jesus his "own city."

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 11, 2, 3, 14, 13, is a kind of horse found in Africa.

My 12, 10, 3, 4, is a species of ox having a hump on its back.

My 6, 7, 9, 1, 13, 6, was the mother of Samuel.

My 5, 7, 1, 13, 7, 9, was the land promised to the Israelites.

My 14, 10, 8, is the sea the Israelites crossed in their journey to that land.

My whole was the greatest king of Babylon, about whom we are told something in the book of Daniel.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLE, NO. 2.

1. A vowel.
2. The falling tide.
3. What some Irish landlords do with their tenants.
4. The beautiful wife of Nabal, who by her wisdom appeased David's anger against her husband.
5. A strap for supporting a carriage.
6. An equal division of votes.
7. A consonant.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

11. From what people did the name Palestine, now given to the Holy Land, come?
12. Where did that people live?
13. What was the extent of their country?
14. What were their most important cities?
15. What sort of a people were they?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

"Merry Christmas."

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER-HYMN.

Now, before we work to-day,
We must not forget to pray
To God, who kept us through the night
And brought us to the morning light.
Help us, Lord, to love Thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work and in our play
Be Thou with us through the day.

For Youngest Readers.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWINS.

BY M. A. HALEY.

T happened the very same day, though the children were a hundred miles apart; for Willie was visiting his grandpapa in the country, and Marian was with her mamma in Washington.

Every one thought Willie was the dearest little boy in the world; but the sweetest thing about him was a little curl that hung over the middle of his forehead.

His Aunt Annie admired it more than anybody else, and one day she told Willie that she was going to cut it off and put it on her own forehead.

"You can't have it, Aunt Annie."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Auntie; "I can take a pair of scissors and snip it right off."

Willie did not know that his aunt said this to tease him, and he was very much troubled about it. He shut himself up in his room to think of some plan by which he might save his curl. Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. In a few minutes he appeared before the family with a covered tin-pail, on which he was drumming vigorously, and which was tied around his neck by a stout string.

"Now, Aunt Annie, you can't have my curl," he cried, in great glee, "for I have it shut up in here."

His aunt as well as his grandparents were sorely grieved to see that he had indeed cut off his little curl and shut it up in the pail.

"I don't know what mamma will say when she hears of this," said grandma, "but I am sure dear Marian would never cut one hair without asking permission."

We will now see what Marian did.

She had a little boy friend named Sidney. He was just her age, and came to play with her every day.

On the same day that Willie cut off his hair Sidney came to the house and said, —

"We are going to have some fun this afternoon; the Henry boys are getting up a wild-beast show in their garden, and we are all going."

"I shall ask my mother if I may go," said Marian.

"No, Marian," said Sidney, in his gentle tones, "you cannot go; they said they would not have any girls."

"But, Sidney, they will think I am a boy if I go with you; for they don't know me, and my dresses are just like Willie's."

Sidney looked thoughtfully at her for a moment, and said, —

"I guess it is your curls, Marian."

"You just wait a minute, Sidney."

She darted upstairs, found a pair of scissors, and in less than five minutes the beautiful curls of which her mother was so proud lay in a heap on the floor.

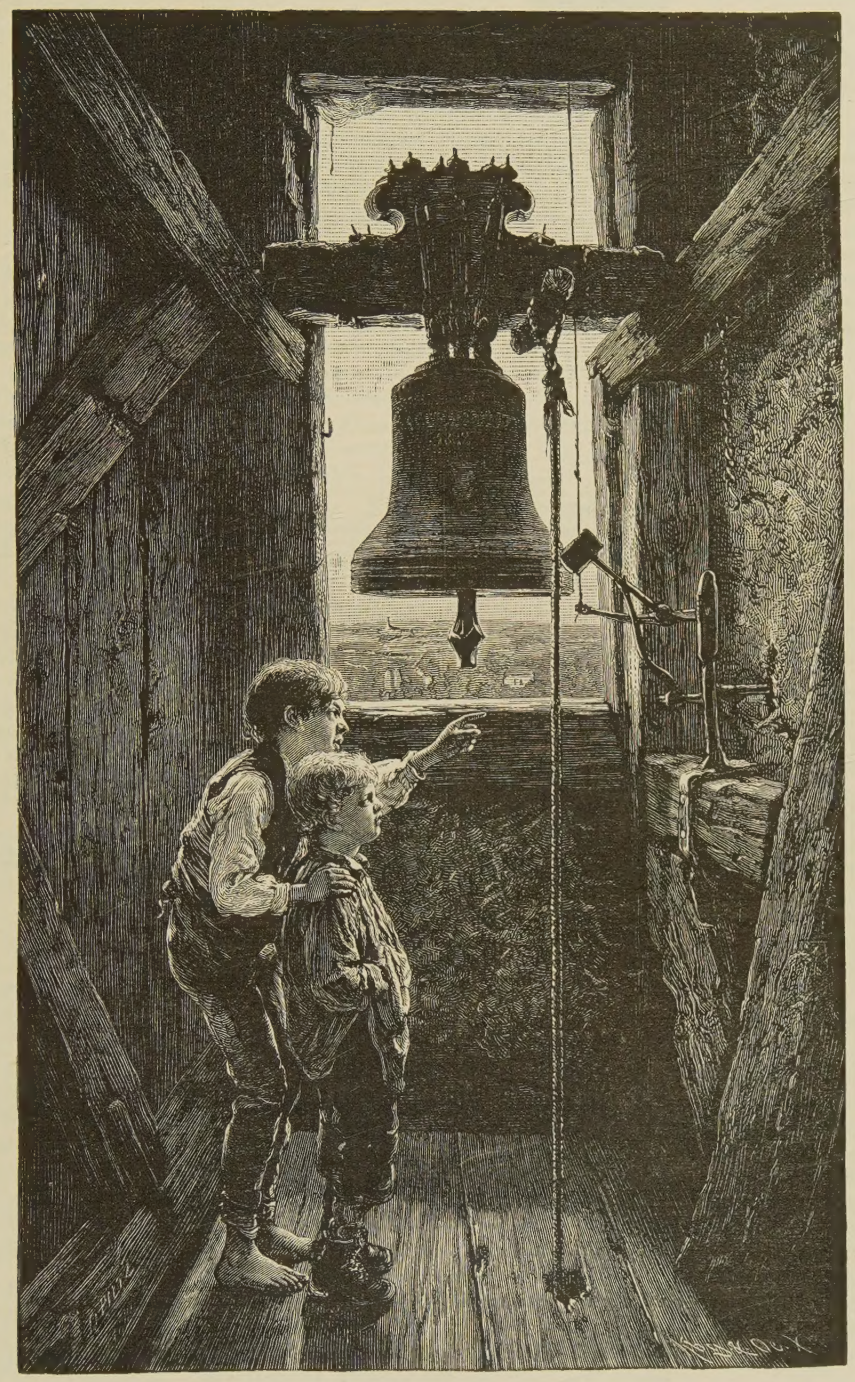
Marian did not go to the wild-beast show, for when she came down stairs Sidney said her head did not look like any boy's that he had ever seen, or girl's either.

When her mother saw her she took her to the barber's and had her head put under the "mowing machine," as she called it, till her head was as smooth as her face. Her mamma told her that all children's hair, as well as the children themselves, belonged to the parents, and she was sure that Willie would never cut off his hair without permission.

The children were not allowed to go outside of their grounds for a long while, because they looked so comical with their cropped heads.

Be not afraid to pray, — to pray is right;
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Difficulty, struggle, progress, — this is the law. By this we conquer; by this it is that the spirit gradually obtains ascendency over the flesh; by this we aspire to be children of God.



IN THE BELFRY.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

AMERICA may be truly called the humming-bird land. These fairy-like creatures are found nowhere else in the world, while here they are scattered, in greater or less profusion, all over the continent from Canada to Patagonia, and even in the islands of our seas; sparsely in the colder parts, but absolutely swarming as the tropics are approached.

Their variety seems unlimited. There are more than three hundred kinds already known, and new ones are continually being discovered. They are very numerous in Mexico; but there is no better place to see them in their fullest beauty than in the chain of tropical islands which stretches from Florida to the coast of South America, and that part of the adjacent mainland lying north of the Tropic of Capricorn. They vary in size from little fellows whose bodies are no larger than a humble-bee to the gorgeous Topaz-throat, measuring in length eight inches from his head to the tip of his tail, and with a spread of wing not less than fifteen inches.

This magnificent bird is, perhaps, the most splendid of its race. Its body-feathers are a rich brownish-orange tint, that in some lights shows as an intense crimson, while in others it is a brilliant ruby-color overlaid with a golden gleam. The golden lustre is at its highest upon the under part of the bird. The throat, or gorget, varies, glistening from topaz yellow to emerald green. At its base it is circled by a collar of blackest velvet, which gradually softens to a purple tint and finally shades into the color of its body. The tail is golden-green shaded with red.

As a contrast, another variety of humming-bird has a throat of the purest whiteness, surrounded by shining emerald tints, while the richest ultramarine blue is profusely scattered over the whole of the head, body, and tail. Others have a downy tuft of feathers, very like a powder-puff, surrounding each leg. These are called Puff-legs.

The copper-bellied Puff-leg lives near Sante Fé de Bogota, at an elevation of from six to nine thousand feet above the sea. His color is green, overlaid upon the back with bronze, upon the breast with gold, and underneath the body with the copper gleams from which it gets its name. The puffs upon its legs are soft as swan's down, and snowy white.

Another family is known as Flame-bearers, from the unparalleled brilliancy of their throat-feathers. There is a distinct family of little Flame-bearers which lives in the crater of an old volcano, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Though they are only two and a half inches long, they bear a gorget so fiery that it has been said "to have caught the last spark of the volcano before it went out."

There are so many varieties that it would be quite impossible to give a description of each. The Ruby-throat is the best known to the dwellers in the Northern Atlantic States; for while so many of the species are tropical, Ruby-throat ventures as far north as the regions about Hudson's Bay.

But I will tell you more about the Ruby-throat in the next number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

WITH all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.

HOW TWO BROTHERS BECAME RECONCILED.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

OLIVER and Orlando were sons of a most noble knight, Sir Roland of the Wood. When Sir Roland came to die, he rejoiced in the thought that he could leave his children not only a considerable legacy in gold, but one of honor, such as always descends upon the family of a worthy parent. Oliver was much older than Orlando; in fact, he was now nearly a man. His father confidently intrusted the younger brother to his care, giving him instructions as to Orlando's education and the delivery to him of his property when he should become of a suitable age.

But it proved that Sir Roland was greatly deceived in the character of his eldest son. Oliver neglected Orlando entirely; and had not Orlando been of a good nature and possessed of a desire to improve himself, he would have grown up ignorant, perhaps depraved. When old enough to have his property, Orlando asked Oliver for it; but he angrily refused to give it, and threatened his brother with great cruelty should he ever say anything further about it. Orlando was nearly in despair. What could a young man do who was thus without money or friends? Yet he would not give up. In those days wrestling matches were held in high esteem. Gentlemen and ladies attended them, often presenting gifts to the successful wrestler. Sometimes the duke of the province would even bestow an office upon him.

Orlando resolved to try to win in a wrestling-match, in the hope of attracting the favorable notice of Duke Frederic. The famous wrestler, Charles, laughed at the idea of this young man having the daring to compete with him; yet it fell out that at the very first encounter Orlando — made stronger, no doubt, through the desperation of his case — threw Charles, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the Duke, the young princesses, and the many lords and ladies who had gathered to witness this unusual contest. But, alas for Orlando's hopes! When Duke Frederic asked who he was, and was told that he was the son of Sir Roland of the Wood, he harshly bade Orlando never to appear in his presence again, as his father and himself had been bitter enemies.

Disappointed and dejected, Orlando, as a last resort, was on the point of going again to his brother Oliver; but near the house he met their old servant Adam, who advised him to shun his brother now more than ever, as he had heard of the renown won by Orlando at the wrestling-match, and felt still more bitterly towards him. Orlando declared that the only thing left for him now to do was to go out and seek his fortunes in the world. Old Adam begged him that he might go too, assuring him that he would not be a hindrance, but a comfort; for he loved his young master, and had still the strength to serve him. The two set forth on their uncertain journey.

It did not prove fruitless. They came where the brother of Duke Frederic held his court. His character was very different from that of Frederic, and he showed sympathy for the two wanderers. It ended in Orlando's remaining with the Duke; and his many good qualities obtained the respect of all.

Not long after, some troublesome events occurred in Duke Frederic's province. He wrongly believed that Orlando was concerned in them, and made a search for him, but of course in vain. Then he called Oliver, and told him that unless he shortly delivered his brother to him all his property should be seized. The elder brother was forced to set out on a journey in search for him, and in all the anxiety of mind once suffered by Orlando. He travelled several days and underwent much fatigue. At last he was obliged to stop for rest and sleep in the midst of a deep wood. The place was infested by wild beasts; so Oliver climbed into the branches of a tree, where he fell asleep.

It chanced that this spot was not far from where Orlando was living, and that he was in the habit of taking long strolls in this wood; indeed, at this very time he was coming towards the place where Oliver slept. Orlando recognized his brother at once; but with horror he saw looking into the tree, as if just about to spring, a fierce old lioness. She was only waiting for signs of life in the man; for lions will not attack any creature unless it be living.

Did Orlando remember all his brother's injustice then? No; he only thought of saving his life. And to do that he must risk his own. He attacked the beast, and fortunately his strength served him well, — he was able to destroy it. But in the encounter his arm was so badly torn, that, had not Oliver sprung from the tree and bound it up, he might have died from want of blood.

Oliver was overcome by the magnanimity of Orlando. His hard heart was melted; he confessed his sin and sincerely asked to be forgiven. Thus, out of great peril grew the brothers' reconciliation. From that time forth they were true friends, and Oliver began to strive for those noble virtues which Orlando had shown through his time of trial and suffering.

The affairs of the two brothers now prospered. Duke Frederic gave up his reign into the hands of his brother, and as soon as Orlando's friend took possession of the province he restored Oliver's estate to him, and Oliver in turn gave Orlando his property. They were both favorites of this Duke as long as he reigned.

The full details of this story may be found in Shakspeare's delightful play, "As You Like It." In some of our art stores may be seen a Rogers' group of statuary, called "The Wrestlers," representing the contest between Charles and Orlando, with the princesses looking on.

But, after all, the most interesting thing connected with the story is the great *truth* that is in it; namely, that a noble act towards an enemy will make him your friend. Boys and girls, do you believe that? Test it if ever you are unfortunate enough to be unkindly treated by a companion.

WHO SENT BELLE?

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"THEN scatter seeds of kindness, then scatter seeds of kindness," sang the children. Lillian and May Kingsley, Florence Hart, and Fanny Wilcox were all singing heartily; but little Belle Clark, who generally led all the rest, did not sing a note, but sat looking far away as if dreaming. Miss Hunt, the children's teacher, noticed Belle's silence; and when the school was dismissed, she asked the little girl to wait a moment.

"Did that last hymn puzzle you, Belle?" she asked when the others had gone.

"Yes 'm, I could n't sing it. I can't do what it says. I don't mean I can't be kind at home; but then, you know, there 's nobody but me and Mamma and Papa, and every one is so good to me I — I don't seem to have a chance. And yesterday I thought I would do something; so I asked the cook for some things, and packed them in a basket to take down to Dublin, and Mamma would not let me go!"

"I don't wonder she would not," said Miss Hunt, as she thought of the dirt and fevers of Dublin. "But suppose you found some little girl like yourself to visit? I know a little girl who has to lie in bed because she has hurt her back; you might visit her."

Belle was silent. She was a very shy child, and did not like to go to see some strangers.

"Mary Farnham lives in Rose Cottage, the first house on Salem Street," said Miss Hunt; "and though she is not poor or neglected, you will indeed be scattering seeds of kindness if you make her a visit. You can say I told you to call, and she will be sure to see you."

Then it was time to go into church, and Belle tried to forget Mary Farnham's direction as she listened to the sermon. But did you ever notice that you often remember what you try to forget? So it was with Belle. She could not get Mary Farnham out of her mind.

"I would n't know what to say," she said to herself.

"Take some of your flowers, and tell her about your garden and the rockery," whispered a voice.

Once or twice through the week Belle picked some flowers, and started for Rose Cottage; but she always began to feel shy and afraid, and came back. But one afternoon she tried another plan. She picked her prettiest flowers, tying them up with a bit of ribbon, and then before she put on her hat, she knelt down and asked God to help her to make this visit for His sake.

If you are not very, very shy, you cannot guess how hard it was for Belle to ring the bell and ask for Mary Farnham. She spoke so low that the servant did not hear her, but guessed that the pretty flowers were for "poor sick Mary," and knew the sweet little girl would cheer Mary up, so she took Belle right into the sick-room.

As soon as Mary caught sight of the flowers, she smiled so sweetly and was so glad to see Belle that the little girl did n't feel shy at all. The two children chatted together for quite a long time before Mary asked how it happened that Belle had come. At last when Belle was going, Mary said: "What made you think of coming?"

"That hymn at Sunday-school. I wanted to 'scatter seeds of kindness,' and Miss Hunt told me of you."

"You dear little girl! The girls have grown tired of coming to see me, and I 'm so lonesome sometimes! Mother had to go out this morning, and I just prayed that somebody might come."

"Then God sent me," said Belle very thoughtfully. "Just think if I had n't minded!"

TO OUR READERS.

All the readers of our paper, except the very youngest, are advised to read the "Teachers' Department" in this number. They will, we think, be specially interested in the reports of the papers read at Concord and at the meeting of the Sunday-School Union.

Teachers' Department.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

A Talk about Young People's Guilds and Societies of Christian Endeavor.

The first meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union for its fifth year was held in the Second Church, Boston, on the evening of October 17. The attendance was large. After the devotional exercises and the business session, a paper was read by Miss Kate L. Brown, of Reading, upon "Religious Guilds and Confirmation Classes." We regret that our space permits us to give only an abstract of this valuable paper. In beginning, Miss Brown spoke of these societies as being well known in the Episcopal Church. The time has come for us Unitarians to adopt something of the kind. The ordinary "prayer-meeting" can never flourish among us; it is far from an unqualified success in other denominations. Yet there may be too much reserve in the expression of religious feeling, and there certainly is too great indifference among us with respect to the *religious* culture of our young people. We rely too much on general good influences, when what is demanded is personal influence. If we wish a child to do anything we must *train* him to do it; and if we desire our young people to grow up in love with the faith we cherish, we must work directly for that end.

How shall we do it? By means of some sort of Religious Guild, or Young People's Meeting. Let the pastor, or some other person suited for the work, gather the young people together for this purpose. It may be possible in some parishes to do this by giving a general invitation and welcoming all who come. By this method you are likely to bring in some who are merely pushing themselves into notice. It is not an easy problem to keep such in the background and bring out the finer, often more retiring natures. Even to hold together these young people of such various temperaments requires wise and loving leadership. The pastor or leader must be the frank, affectionate, sympathetic friend of all the members. A better way of organizing a Guild is to select the young people who have a marked tendency toward spiritual things and so would ardently support such a society. They would form the nucleus of the Guild, and would make it their first task to draw others into the society. The Guild organized, what shall it do? Let it aim to make clear to the young people that *religion is life*, and that no good thing can be left out of it.

"When a boy realizes that the innocent hearty zest which goes into his play and work is as sweet to the Almighty Heart as the wisdom of the sages, will not the honest boy-heart warm toward such an ideal of the Father?

"When a girl is made to feel that her favorite occupations, her little ambitions, if worthy, her friendships, her shy, half-confessed aspirations and yearnings after perfection, are, oh, how tenderly cherished and understood by God, will not the girl-heart turn to him?

"Said one of these dear children to me once: 'If I thought God understood me when I cannot understand myself, and cared more for my troubles than even I do, oh, would n't I just love him! It would be perfect rest to think of him *that way!*' Can we not make our dear ones feel that God does understand and care?"

Let the Guild also train its members in loyalty and discipleship to the Christ, and without superstition or cant show them that they cannot love or reverence too much a being who has best of all and in a special way shown us the character of God.

The Guild will naturally offer to its members the fellowship and aid of the church. In its own meetings hymns will be sung or repeated in concert, short, simple prayers be read or made, and selections be given from religious writings. The leader will try to apply the topic talked about to daily life and conduct, and he will encourage all to ask questions. The members will be called upon to take their turn in conducting the meeting.

Finally, let the Guild do helpful works of Christian charity. There are so many missions to the poor, the sick, and discouraged, one need not search far to find an outlet for sympathy and kindness.

The first speaker to follow Miss Brown was Rev. John Cuckson, of Springfield, Mass. He spoke of the difficulty of keeping our young people with us in our churches. They belong to various sorts of unions and clubs which are loosely attached to our societies, but not to unions that are vitally religious, and that would bind them to the church. We have been trying all sorts of substitutes for religion, but have not had the courage to address the religious sentiment. While perplexed over this matter, the speaker came across an account of the Guild of the Good Shepherd, established in one of our Unitarian parishes in England. It seemed to him just the thing he had been wanting. So he first prepared a little manual, giving the by-laws of his own intended Guild, and containing also some short prayers, a little ritual for a Guild-meeting, and a confession of faith. He then printed a thousand copies of the manual and distributed them in the parish, asking his people to read it and think about it. A month later he organized the Guild at the regular Sunday-evening meeting. Forty-five young people joined the Guild, forty of whom had never before taken any personal interest in the church or attended a Communion service. The members of the Springfield Guild of the Good Shepherd pledge themselves to the regular use of daily prayers at home, to regular attendance at the church service and the monthly service of Communion, and to certain philanthropic labors. Mr. Cuckson believes that for the active discharge of our duties to our neighbors we must have the religious impulse. He has great faith in his Guild. The meetings have been very attractive. There has been a noticeably larger attendance at the church services. In general, the effect has been like that of the Confirmation Class in the Episcopal Church. Young people from sixteen years upwards are eligible to membership. In closing, Mr. Cuckson said he attached great importance to the use of the Confession of Faith, and that he thought every pastor should give such a statement to his young people for their instruction and edification.

Rev. S. C. Beach, of Dedham, spoke next. He said he rejoiced in this movement. There are *three* things for us to aim at: —

1. To create the right *atmosphere* in which the religious life of the young can grow, — an atmosphere of sentiment and feeling.

2. We should begin early enough with the children, before they reach the age of independence, and are unwilling to do anything that they are asked to do.

3. We should resolve to succeed, and *push on* in spite of temporary failures. Mr. Beach had worked for some time in this direction, and had had the pleasure not long since of "confirming" some of his own young people in Dedham.

Rev. W. I. Nichols, of Littleton, related his experience. The Society he had formed in Littleton was called a "Society of Christian Endeavor." He had taken the name and even borrowed the constitution, with slight changes, from the "Orthodox" societies of this name which have had such a marvellous growth during the last few years. The Society sprang up in his parish in response to the earnest desire of many of his young people for such a union. It has flourished now for over six months, and there has been a marked spiritual growth in its members. The members of the Society are committed to take some part, however slight, in its meetings. The exercises consist of the singing of hymns, the reading of prayers, and a talk about some religious topic. Then members read selections, or give quotations, or say some word of their own. The time for the meeting is the half-hour preceding the Sunday-evening service. Recently, during the pastor's absence, the meetings went on as usual, conducted wholly by the members.

Mr. J. E. Thomas spoke of the good he had always received from these meetings of the Sunday-School Union.

Mr. G. W. Warren said we should cultivate the religious sentiment through all available channels.

Miss F. E. Merrill said that for years they had had their young people's meetings in the Bulfinch Street Chapel (Rev. S. H. Winkley's). These meetings have been in general like those described by Mr. Cuckson and Mr. Nichols. *Children's* prayer-meetings have been held with good results. Some kind of benevolent work is always connected with these religious meetings.

Rev. Brooke Herford was the last speaker. He was glad to have heard the essayist and the preceding speakers, for they had given him a glimpse of how to do it. Yet he shrank somewhat from confirmation classes. Church and congregation should

not be two, but one. He tells his young people what helps they can get from the Communion service, and leaves it with them to come to it when they are ready to do so. He disliked anything which would wear an aristocratic or exclusive look, or that set certain people apart from the rest to be looked at as having come into the membership of the church. Still, he saw no reason why a rightly conducted Guild might not be made an additional centre of attachment to the church.

THE "SYMPOSIUM" AT CONCORD.

We have not space enough in this issue to give a report or even an abstract of all the exercises of the Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society held last month in Concord, Mass. We can only furnish our readers with abstracts of the papers read at the evening session, — the *Symposium* of the meeting. The first paper was by Rev. L. G. Wilson, of Hopedale: *How to make the most of the Graded System.*

This question is the same as if we asked, How shall we deal with our resources in the Sunday-school, — the officers, teachers, manuals, lesson-hour, etc., — so as to realize the greatest amount of good? But there is a previous question: What is the Sunday-school for? My answer is: its end and aim is to cultivate the religious sentiment; to develop and strengthen the *heart*, that it may yield right motives, tendencies, and impulses. How shall this be done? First of all, we must centralize our instruction about some *prophetic* text-book which speaks to the heart, in the heart's own language; for this purpose we cannot use books of science, systems of logic, nor even, except in a collateral way, such books as the Analects of Confucius, the Avestas, or the Koran. Our work must be carried out upon ancestral associations as a foundation. Our book is the Bible, a volume to which the heart takes kindly, with a homelike appreciation. It has come down to us with all the weight of long centuries of time, and the conceptions it enforces are already knit into the spiritual anatomy of the young. To use this book profitably, we must *systematize* our teachings. At the beginning of the school-year the plan of at least that entire year's work should be clearly laid down, and be known to all the workers.

In the Hopedale school an important part of the work is done in *general exercises*. The introductory service of responsive readings, singing, and prayer is followed by the leader's asking the whole school a series of questions — a few each Sunday — on the life of Jesus. The object of this is to keep the central character of our religion prominently before the children. Then a creed is recited. The school is also called upon to repeat together the *monthly text*, illustrative of some principle like reverence, love, obedience, and still further to recite in concert an appropriate stanza or couplet of poetry. All this general work is laid out in advance for the entire year. In the same way the class-work is mapped out.

The Hopedale school is divided into *four* grades.

The work of the First Grade — the classes next above the very youngest pupils — is an outline study of the Old Testament, to gain a knowledge of its principal stories, its prominent heroes, and the names of the books that compose it. Mr. Hall's "First Lessons" is used as a lesson help; but it is specially adapted by the pastor to the needs of this department, and directions for the use of the teachers are given them on printed slips.

The Second Grade studies the Old Testament more in detail, with more attention paid to moral and religious reflections.

The Third Grade studies the Gospels.

The Fourth Grade considers the life and work of Paul.

These four grades take in the pupils from nine to sixteen, who by this method gain a fair knowledge of the Old and New Testaments. All the while the very youngest pupils have taken part so far as they could in the general exercises before described, and then in their classes have been taught texts and hymns, have seen pictures and heard stories and parables illustrating simple religious truths, and have also been taught by direct appeals to their own little experiences. A book by Mrs. C. H. Colburn for the use of this department is now in preparation, to be published by our Sunday-School Society.

The older members of the school are carried in their religious studies into inquiries concerning the history and exegesis of Bible books which might well occupy their minds for the rest of their lives. In this way the Book of the Heart is studied and loved by all, while all the time the life of him who is the central figure in the Bible portrait-gallery has worked its holy spell upon the soul.

Once in three months, in the Hopedale school, the results of the general exercises and class studies are embodied in a public concert or exhibition.

The second paper was by Mr. Horace S. Sears, of Weston: *How to cultivate the Devotional Spirit in the Sunday-school.*

To awaken and cultivate the devotional spirit is the highest work the Sunday-school can do. How can we do this work?

1. We must place less stress upon the social life of the school. Good in its place, such life should not be permitted to encroach upon the nurture of the distinctively religious life of the young.

2. Giving prizes and all unhealthy stimulation of rivalry and competition should be abandoned.

3. We must gauge success by spiritual results rather than by numerical strength.

4. The Sunday-school "Concert," as ordinarily conducted, should be given up. It tends to foster pride and worldliness rather than spiritual-mindedness.

5. In our Sunday-school Festivals let the *religious meaning* of Christmas, Easter, Floral Sunday, and Harvest be prominently set forth, rather than the incidental pleasures addressed to the senses which such occasions afford. So far on the negative side. But constructively: —

1. Pay more attention to the memorizing and frequent use of good hymns.

2. Make the devotional exercises in the school really devotional. Do not treat them as elocutionary lessons.

3. It might be an aid to devotion if the opening exercises of the school were held in the church rather than in the school-room. Young people are influenced by surroundings and atmosphere.

4. The discontinuance of the good old custom of family prayers in the home seriously affects the devotional life of the children in our Sunday-schools. Prayer at the family altar would make the devotional spirit of the school more continuous, — less of a break from the daily life of the pupils.

5. Make Christ "and him crucified" the central point in all Sunday-school teaching; be untiring in your efforts to draw the young nearer to God, through him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." Point to him as not only the ideal man, but as a personal Saviour. So will that devotional spirit grow by which the soul shall lay firmly hold upon its God.

The third paper was by Mr. Caleb L. Brigham, of Hudson: *How to get Good Singing in the Sunday-school.*

Mr. Brigham said he should speak of this subject from the view-point not of a singer but of a musical accompanist and Sunday-school superintendent.

1. Select music fitted for children. An average child of twelve cannot comprehend Emerson; but he delights in Miss Alcott.

2. Change your music-book as often as you need to do so in order to get the better compositions that are published from time to time.

3. Choose only those songs in which good words are married to good tunes. We like at Hudson the Sunday-school Service Book and Hymnal compiled by Mr. Spaulding. It is on the whole superior to any other book of the kind, and unites the good words with the good music.

4. Use the piano rather than the organ to accompany the singing. Keep the piano in good tune, and insist that the pianist shall strike the opening chord with both hands together, and not begin with the bass leading in arpeggio style to the air. Advise the pianist also to make a sparing use of the pedal. It is better not to use it at all.

5. Have a good conductor, — a soprano or a tenor. Let him beat time with a baton, and *lead*, not follow, the school.

6. As a general rule, open the school with a *lively* tune. Use the more solemn music later in the service. Chants may sometimes be used if they are not too long. They must not be taken in very slow time. After the prayer let such a hymn as "Supplication," No. 65, or "Prayer," No. 122, be quietly sung by the school.

[At Hudson this is done very effectively, the school apparently knowing both the words and the music by heart. — Editor.]

7. When learning new music, have a system about it. Let the pianist first play the tune once or twice through distinctly, bringing out the melody with clearness. Let the leader give the *time* in advance. The pianist can render effective aid by playing the "air" sometimes in octaves, even by both hands. When the tune is learned the leader should explain the marks of expression. Keep strictly to the *tempo*. Do not keep the school singing too long at a time. If a lengthy rehearsal is needed, have the children sing softly and not *force* their voices.

The fourth paper, by Miss Kate L. Brown, on "Religious Guilds and Confirmation Classes," is reported in another part of this number of Every Other Sunday (see report of the meeting of the Sunday-school Union).

The fifth and final part in the Symposium was taken by Mr. Spaulding, who spoke on the question: *How to study Hymns.* Mr. Spaulding's answer to this question is given in his new Quarterly Lessons on Forty Hymns, Part I. of which was issued in September.

He gave an illustration of the way in which he would teach a hymn to young children; urged that with scholars of every age the first and most important thing to do is *to learn the hymn;* and suggested that in many cases a *pre-view* of the hymn to be studied would be very helpful. Let the teacher read the hymn, speak of its central thought, of its author, of its Scripture imagery, etc., and excite the interest of the pupils so that they will look up points for the coming lesson.

TO OUR TEACHERS.

The very full reports we have given in this number of the Symposium at Concord and the meeting of the Sunday-School Union have crowded out our usual departments of "Hints to Teachers," and "Sunday-School Intelligence."

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.

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